

PHILADELPHIA IN THE HOME—HOUSEHOLD IDEAS AND PRACTICAL FASHIONS

THE CANDID WOMAN

By ELLEN ADAIR

"Don't ask that girl to the house again, Mary," said a husband only the other day to his wife. "She is the most incessantly rude person I have ever met! The next time she inflicts her company upon us I'm going out for the evening. Remember that, please."

"Why, John," said his wife in an aggrieved tone, "she is a perfectly charming girl. So honest and frank and natural. I am surprised at you."

"I admit she possesses those three qualities, but that doesn't stop her from being excessively impolite," was the stern answer. "She is frank, I grant you that. A great deal too frank. If the truth be told, I see no particular virtue in frankness. At any rate, not your young friend's interpretation of the term."

"But, John," cried his wife again, "you are such a stickler for truthfulness and that sort of thing that I really cannot understand your later attitude towards poor Alice. She is the most truthful girl I have ever met."

"There's such a thing as being too truthful," was the dry rejoinder, "and when that is the case, it amounts positively to a fault. I believe that truth, like justice, should be tempered with mercy. But your friend Alice has no such scruples. She never thinks of other people's feelings. Frankness can be overdone, and in Alice's case it amounts more to a vice than a virtue."

"Vice is rather a strong word," said Alice's champion, indignantly.

"It is the right word for the right case," said her husband, imperturbably. "Didn't you notice how rude Alice was towards everybody at your tea-party yesterday? When that timid little spinster tried to chat pleasantly with her upon the way, Alice contradicted her flatter on every single point, and really disconcerted the kindly little woman sadly. Then I heard her commenting in unflattering tones upon the clothing of two of your guests."

"That was decidedly rude of Alice," said the other thoughtfully. "I didn't think she was guilty of such bad taste."

"My dear," said her husband, quickly, "the over-candid woman is always transgressing the laws of good taste."

"This is perfectly true. Too many women are heedless of the feelings of others," he said. "A certain type of girl considers that excessive candor and a blunt manner are attractive. This is decidedly untrue. Charity towards the feelings of others is the first essential of good breeding. The over-candid girl will never be popular until she mends her ways."

Suffrage in Holland

Though Holland is not at war, its women are organized at once on the lines adopted in States directly involved. The Suffrage Association suspended its political work and its collection of signatures to petitions at the disposal of the authorities, as in the case of the English Suffrage Associations. They are naturally giving great attention to the food supply, on which such a strain has been placed by the influx of Belgian refugees.

Extra Table Leaves

A new use for extra table leaves has been discovered by some ingenious housewife. Everyone knows what a trouble it is to dispose of these leaves, which are too large to fit into a closet comfortably, and too necessary to send to storage. A woman used her extra table leaves for a serving table. She didn't fasten them down in any way, so that when she needed them, they could be removed without any trouble. She had a carpenter make the rack to hold the boards. This was large enough to accommodate two boards. One rested across the top, and one across the bottom, making two shelves. The rack itself was made of strips of wood about an inch and a half square, and was about three feet high. Each of the two uprights were held together two inches from the top, and two inches from the bottom by strips of wood the width of the extra leaves. The legs thus formed were connected by four long strips about two inches shorter than the leaves, nailed two on each side, near the top, and bottom. This made a long, four-legged rack, with bars upon the top and bottom for the extra leaves to rest on, one leaf forming the top, and one the lower shelf. Of course, the rack had to be stained the same color as the leaves, and polished so that you could never tell the difference between this and a real serving table. Dishes, silverware and numerous other things were kept on the lower shelf, and the whole thing was very useful. It really isn't so complicated as it sounds, and will cost very little if you have a carpenter to do the bit of work, as it seldom is a successful experiment for the amateur.

A Queen's Gift

A graceful act of Queen Maud of Norway is the placing of her English house near Sandringham, a gift of King Edward, at the disposal of the authorities, as in the case of the English Suffrage Associations. They are naturally giving great attention to the food supply, on which such a strain has been placed by the influx of Belgian refugees.

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER
A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAVER MORRIS Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor."

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harpree School, of which John Erleigh is headmaster. John and Anne are engaged to be married. Lord Arthur Merlet, uncle of Guy Wimberley, learns John that there is a plot to put the boy out of the Harpree School, a cousin, and in line for the inheritance of the great Wimberley estates, is concerned in the plot. The other plot is a scheme to marry the boy to a girl named Veritigan, a science master at Harpree, who has a hole on John Erleigh, and Mrs. Travers, Erleigh's sister. Mrs. Travers was deserted by the man she loved, and this man was accidentally killed by John Erleigh. Veritigan persuaded Erleigh to let another man pay the penalty for his death, and now he is in a position to blackmail Erleigh. Mrs. Travers does not know that her own brother killed the father of her child, James. Two plots to kidnap Guy Wimberley have failed, and the detectives are engaged to watch over the boy, but have begun to track down the conspirators. Another group of conspirators also exists, but there is no clue to them. Veritigan visits Mrs. Travers, and when she threatens to expose the plot, he warns her that he will make her miserable for the rest of her life. The Wimberleys ask the Traverses to the opera, and there James Travers falls in love with Guy's sister, who is a beautiful girl. A terrible accident he causes her life, but is wounded himself.

"Jack!" she queried anxiously. "Why is Jack not here?"

"He thought it best to leave the matter in my hands—mean, he thought I'd better break the ice, so to speak. He is coming over to see you tomorrow afternoon."

Lady Wimberley seated herself by the dining room fire and clasped her hands on her knees. Lord Arthur remained standing. He seemed nervous and fidgeted thoughtfully at his moustache.

"It's like this, you see," he said after a pause, "it's not quite the thing for a boy to go to a school where his father is headmaster."

"But Jack is not Guy's father."

"Well, it will come to about the same thing, Anne. Now, you're a dear, sweet woman, and you're wrapped up in this precious youngster of yours. When you're married to Erleigh, the poor chap—Erleigh, I mean—will be in a difficult position. You won't let him treat Guy like the other boys, and that'll mean trouble."

"Oh, Arthur! As if I should interfere with the discipline of the school!"

He laughed. "You'll try not to," he said, "try very hard; but now, look here, don't you think yourself that you'll be inclined to be just a little—well, lenient toward your own son?"

"Oh, Arthur—this is cruel of you—to talk like this. I don't want Guy to go to another school."

Lord Arthur shrugged his shoulders. "Well, of course, it rests with you and Erleigh," he said, "but I know that he has quite made up his mind that it's the best thing for the boy and for you."

Lady Wimberley looked at him suspiciously. "You have your own little thought of this?" she queried. "You have said nothing about it before."

"I have thought all along that the boy ought not to be at Harpree—so near to you. And, of course, when you're married to Erleigh the boy will practically be living at home. It will be bad for him, bad for you and very awkward for Erleigh."

A few moments there was silence. Lord Arthur walked forward to the table and picked up a sheet of foolscap paper covered with childish, irregular writing.

"Young Travers still here?" he queried.

"Yes. His mother has come up to town for a few days. She is coming back on Wednesday. The boy is in the library now working."

"Oh," said Lord Arthur. "And where's Joan?"

"Gone to Carstairs for a while."

"H'm," said Lord Arthur. "Well, now about Guy—you'd better talk it over with Erleigh, hadn't you? We thought of Eton—they might have him—I'm not sure, but I've got some influence."

"You suggested this to Jack?"

"In a way—yes; but he had been thinking the matter over before I mentioned it. We are quite agreed."

"You are keeping something from me," she said sharply. "Guy has got into some trouble—you are keeping something back over-talk it over with Erleigh. And if I were you I'd give in to him over it. He's not a man that can be persuaded to do what he thinks is wrong."

Lady Wimberley's lips tightened for a moment, and then she smiled.

"Well, there is plenty of time," she said. "Of course, he could not leave in the middle of the term."

"Of course not," said Lord Arthur, and then he looked at his watch. "I must be off," he said. "I want to catch the last train to town, and it's after 9 o'clock now. May I order the motor?"

"Yes, Arthur, ring the bell, will you?"

Ten minutes later Lord Arthur Merlet was on his way to Harpree, and as he leaned back in the close car, with a cigar between his lips, he felt a little ashamed of himself.

"I ought not to have given in to Erleigh," he said to himself. "I ought to have insisted on Veritigan being dismissed."

But Erleigh had refused to dismiss Veritigan, and things had come to a deadlock. Lord Arthur had thought it best to give in, until he could expose Veritigan and send the scoundrel to prison. He was sorry now that he had been so weak. His sister-in-law was going to make trouble. Probably in the end neither Veritigan nor Wimberley would leave the school.

When the car reached the station Lord Arthur was surprised to find Erleigh on the platform talking to the stationmaster.

"Hello!" he said. "You going up to town too?"

"No—yes—that is I'm not sure—come here for a minute. I want to speak to you."

They walked a little way down the platform and passed near a lamp. Erleigh's face was dusky.

"What's the matter?" said Lord Arthur.

"Are you ill?"

Erleigh tried to speak, but no words came from his lips.

"What has happened?" said Lord Arthur.

"Anything wrong with Guy?"

"Yes," answered Erleigh in a choking voice. "Guy—has disappeared."

"Guy—has disappeared?" queried Lord Arthur. "Great Scott! man, what are you doing here? Why aren't you doing anything to find him? Merciful heavens, this is awful—what have you done—when did this happen—how long ago?"

He spoke thickly, angrily, like a man who had no longer control of himself. The veins stood out on his forehead; his hands were clenched. If he had done what he felt like doing at that particular moment he would have struck John Erleigh in the face.

"I came here to make inquiries," Erleigh replied.

"By heavens, if the boy has been kidnapped—if any harm comes to him, I'll ruin you—yes, you and your accursed school."

"There is no need to talk like that, Lord Arthur. We must all work together and put things straight. Nothing is to be gained by losing your temper."

"What have you done? Where is Veritigan?"

"Veritigan was talking to me in my study, when the captain of the house came to me and said that Wimberley was not at supper. Veritigan's movements have been accounted for—the last 12 hours."

"Have you been to the police?"

"No—I thought I wouldn't do that until I had tried everything else."

"Well, we'd better go there now—I ought to have gone to them long ago—I blame myself for that—but now we can't keep the thing from Lady Wimberley's ears any longer. The car is still outside. You'd better come along with me at once. Do you want to ask the station master any more questions?"

"No—he has made all inquiries—Guy has not been to the station—of course, it wasn't likely they'd bring him here, but I thought it best to leave no stone unturned. They're wiring all down the line, to London. I've given out that the boy has run away."

"Let us go to the police station," said Lord Arthur. "Then the car can go on to Monkswell and bring down Denham. Come along."

They seated themselves in the car, and when Lord Arthur had given instructions to the chauffeur he turned to Erleigh.

"Tell me all you know," he said curtly. "No, you can leave out the details. You'll have to give them to the inspector. Give me a rough outline of what has happened."

"Supper is at quarter to nine," said Erleigh.

After walking half a mile Wimberley came on an obstruction and he suddenly fell into a basket. Chloroform fumes overcame him. When he awoke he was in an old barn, leaning over him to Dr. Anderson, of John Erleigh's school. Dr. Anderson and an assistant attempted to transport him across a river. Wimberley attempted to run, but Dr. Anderson overtook him, and he was made his escape. Wimberley reaches the mansion and is rescued by his mother with many questions of joy. On the way he tosses the revolver into the lake.

Lord Arthur discovers Veritigan wounded. He says he was following two men who had attempted to kidnap Guy Wimberley.

Lord Arthur dismisses the story and demands from Veritigan the name of the doctor. The truth is that Doctor Anderson, who attempted the kidnapping, is a plot of Veritigan. Veritigan knows nothing. James Travers is deeply in love with Lady Joan Merlet.

Lord Arthur and his mother agree that the children must not be encouraged.

CHAPTER XVI

"YOU think that influenced me?"

"I'm afraid I must think so. You were quite right. Besides, my boy is dependent on charity. They would be years before he could marry any one."

"That is what I thought of chiefly. They are two children. They will forget."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Travers in a low voice. "My son's happiness is very dear to me. I do not wish this to spoil his life. He has given much already—his career. It would be cruel if he gave his heart as well."

"I am sure—quite sure that they will both get over it. I have been talking to Joan. It—it only began today—lasted for so few minutes."

Mrs. Travers rose from her chair and held out her hand.

"I am so tired," she said. "You will not mind if I go up to bed."

Lady Wimberley looked at her for a few moments without speaking. Then she bent forward and kissed her.

"I am so sorry this has happened," she said quietly. "I did so want to be kind to him."

Mrs. Travers smiled. "You are kind to every one," she said, and then when she reached the door she turned and said, "You did not tell him—did not even hint at what Jack told you—about me?"

"No, no—I never hinted at such a thing."

"Was generous of you," said Mrs. Travers. "At any rate, the poor boy has something left to him—his belief in his mother."

"I have been talking over things with Erleigh," said Lord Arthur Merlet, "and now come to the conclusion that it is better for him to go to another school."

Lady Wimberley stared at her brother-in-law for a few seconds in blank amazement. Then she came forward and caught him by the arm, and looked up at his face.

"What?" she said. "You don't mean what Guy has got into any trouble?"

"Go on, no, Anne. Don't be alarmed. That's the right word. Now let us sit down and talk this over quietly."



COMMITTEE OF THE JUNIOR PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE

The Junior Progressive League of Philadelphia, at a recent meeting, determined upon an active campaign for the coming winter. They decided they would take their share in the fight against child labor and aid to the city's relief work. They accordingly planned a benefit, which is to be presented at the Little Theatre on Friday evening, January 22, 1915. The play will be "Joy," by John Galsworthy. The proceeds are to be devoted partly to the Home Relief Committee of the Borough of Philadelphia, and partly to the Pennsylvania Child Labor Association.



A SMART SUIT OF NEW DESIGN

leigh, "and lasts about twenty minutes. It was just after nine that Allyn came to me and said that Wimberley had not turned up to the meal. It is his duty to report that sort of thing. He said that Wimberley was not in his study. From seven until quarter to nine the boys are doing their prep; the senior ones in their studies, the juniors in the 'day-room.' Wimberley had been seen at half-past five, but no one seems to have seen him since."

"Has he a study to himself?"

"No, of course not. What about the other boys?"

"Rayner is ill in the sanatorium. For the past three days Wimberley has had the study to himself. He was there at half-past five."

"The window was closed, but not bolted in the inside. The gas was burning, and the remains of tea were on the table."

"No signs of his having begun his 'prep'?"

"None whatever."

"Any marks outside the window?"

"None. There is a hard frost, as you know—a black frost. The ground is like iron. Part of my garden lies outside the window. The penalty for getting out into it is a flogging. The garden itself is surrounded by a high wall with broken glass on the top of it, and the gate is always kept locked."

"What else have you done?"

"I've sent out three of the masters to scour the neighborhood and make inquiries—one of them is on a motor-bicycle, the other two on foot."

"You say Veritigan was with you when you got the news?"

"Yes."

"Did he seem surprised?"

"Yes, and very angry."

"What did he say?"

"He said that your nephew was a young scamp, that it would be better for the discipline of the school if he left."

"Was Veritigan one of the masters you sent out?"

"No—of course not."

"Did you accuse him of having anything to do with the boy's disappearance?"

Erleigh did not answer.

"Come," said Lord Arthur sharply, "did you, or did you not?"

"I did not. I thought it best to wait until we had some sort of proof."

"Perhaps you are right."

The car stopped outside the police station.

"Do you intend to say anything about Veritigan?" asked Erleigh.

"Yes. The police must know all the facts."

"The facts—both Lord Arthur—nothing is known against Veritigan—you had better be careful—both Veritigan and Dick Merlet may bring an action for libel—don't you think—"

Lord Arthur interrupted sharply. "That is that you're trying for some reason or other to shield this fellow. I suppose you're thinking of the reputation of the school—of your own position—after I had warned you. But the whole business has got to come out."

"I think at present—you'd better confine yourself to facts, Lord Arthur. The facts are the facts."

Lord Arthur opened the door of the car and alighted. John Erleigh followed him into the police station. They were shown into a room where a tall man with a closely cropped iron-gray beard sat writing at a table.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Onions are in their prime just now. Disagreeable eye-annoying can be avoided if the onion is peeled from the root end. Afterwards, rub the hands with salt, and wash to take away the smell. Parsley leaves remove the odor from the breath.

Onion Tears!

Disagreeable eye-annoying can be avoided if the onion is peeled from the root end. Afterwards, rub the hands with salt, and wash to take away the smell. Parsley leaves remove the odor from the breath.

A Real Charity

A penny dinner depot was opened at Wren Green, London, two months ago, under the direction of Lady Mabel Egerton, who personally supervises the cooking and receives applications from the necessitous but respectable class it was intended to reach. Not only is the penny dinner a help to this class, but it forms an object lesson in management and cooking for them to profit by in their own homes.

Your Net Blouse

Delicate net blouses can quite well be washed at home in the following way: Buy some bran and tie it into a muslin bag. Pour over it three or four pints of boiling water and let it stand until it is cool. Then put half of it into a basin with enough soap jelly to make a nice lather, and squeeze the blouse well in it, but do not rub it. Add a little cold water to the remaining bran water and rinse the blouse in it. Roll it up tightly in a clean cloth and iron while damp with a fairly hot iron.

For the Cook

Baked beans will be better if they are parboiled before they are put into the pot for baking.

Chickens' Feet

Don't throw the feet of chickens away, but clean them carefully and put them in the stock pot.



AN ATTRACTIVE SUIT

On Sunday, as the day was very fine and sunny, we decided to walk to the little church half a mile away.

"You can go in the motor, if you feel tired, Dorothy," said my hostess to me. "But you will really enjoy the walk this lovely morning."

"I should much prefer to walk," I answered at once. "Just wait for me here, and I'll be ready in a moment."

I hurried up to my room, and arrayed myself in my green walking suit, one that I am particularly fond of. It is of broadcloth, and round the neck and the cuffs are bands of fitch fur. I have a large muff of the same fur, edged with this dark green broadcloth, and I fancy that it looks very smart.

The coat of my suit is short, and loose, as are many of the new models for mid-winter. The dropped shoulder line is very attractive. As regards the skirt, it is, of course, very wide and very short, and boasts of five frills or flounces at bottom.

When I went down to the hall below, where several of the girls were assembled, preparatory to setting off for church, I was struck by the variety and the brilliancy of coloring in their suits. I

Imagine that Dams Fashion has grown suddenly tired of the sombre hues that were so popular in the earlier part of the season, and has decreed that mid-winter shall be brightened by gayer colors.

The Piquante Girl of whom I spoke the other day was arrayed in a valveteen suit of nasturtium red, trimmed with black. She certainly looked delightful in it, and so warm and comfortable. The coat was plainly cut, and edged round the bottom and all the way up the front to the neck with fur. The cuffs were also of fur, and the bottom of the wide, plain skirt was fur-edged. Her small jaunty hat was of nasturtium red velvet, the high crown being entirely swathed with fur.

Her muff was the popular melon-colored with stripes of fur running lengthwise.

We had a very pleasant walk to church, and, on conclusion of the service, had some interesting neighbors of Amy's.

One very attractive woman, a Mrs. Landis, has invited us all to a fancy dress dance at her house. I have a costume suitable to wear, so Amy's is going to make me something in a hurry. I do hope it will look all right, some very smart costumes will be worn at this impromptu little affair.

THAT CHEAPER CUT OF MEAT

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
AUTHOR OF "THE NEW HOUSEKEEPING."

It would seem that the last word had been said on cheaper cuts of meat. But the increase of hoof and mouth disease in many sections and the consequent increase in price makes the most problem still as tough (no pun) as ever.

What are the much-maligned and equally much-praised cuts called "cheaper"? To know this we must know the architecture of the animal in question. First, the most tender pieces are the less exposed parts of the animal. Whatever portions are subjected to muscular exercise (thus the loin) are tougher because the muscles have been used more. This does not mean that there is not as much nourishment in tough muscles as in tender ones. The cheaper cuts have tougher fibres and the whole problem is to prepare and soften the fibres, and thus put them on a par with more tender parts. The muscles of the abdomen are also tender, but give a very coarse grained meat.

The structure of the muscle fibre must be studied in order to apply the best methods of cooking. Each fibre is like a thin section of orange, being surrounded with a firm tissue and containing juice within it. If we cut the fibre across the juice will escape. If we heat the fibre in a high temperature we will harden it still more and prevent the escape of the juices. If we cut it and soak it in water the juices again will escape. But if we pour scalding water or liquid on the fibre

it will have much the same effect as heating the fibre rapidly to a high point.

Now the ideal in handling all cheaper cuts is first to harden the fibre either by scalding in boiling water or by heating it to a high degree in order to avoid the escape of the juices, and second to cook slowly so that the fibre will eventually be very soft. The juices dissolved and the flavor as much as possible retained. None of these meats should be covered at first with cold liquid or cooked slowly below the outside fibre is seared.

What are some of these cuts by name? Perhaps this partial list will give suggestions which your butcher can help you carry out:

Cheaper Cuts of Beef:
Rump—Roasts, braising, a la mode, stewing.
Chuck Ribs (1 and 2)—Roast, steak.
Chuck Ribs (last 3)—Stewing, braising.
"Plate"—Soup, stew, rolled pieces.
Brisket—Corned and pot roast.
"Skirt Steak"—Rolled, stew.
Flank Steak—Rolled, stew, a la mode, soup.
Cross ribs—Pot roast.
Short ribs—Soup, stew, sliced cold.
Cheaper Cuts of Mutton:
Breast—Stew, braising, soup.
Neck—Soup, stew, meat for croquettes, etc.
Veal:
Breast—Soup, stew, made dishes, veal loaf.

Around the Woman's Clubs

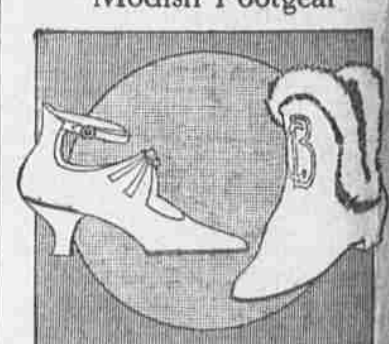
Tomorrow, at 8 o'clock, Prof. Elmon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, will deliver a lecture on "The Territorial Expansion of the United States." These lectures are free to the public, and are held in Houston Hall, 3601 Spruce street, every Saturday afternoon.

Professor Patten is a graduate of Northwestern University, and has studied abroad, where he received the degrees of A. M., Ph.D., LL. D. He has been professor of political economy at the University of Pennsylvania since 1888.

The local suffrage societies are doing all in their power to keep their cause before the public, and announcement has been made that they will give a luncheon at the Bellevue-Stratford on Thursday, January 14, at 1 o'clock. This luncheon is being given under the auspices of the Equal Franchise Society 35 South 9th street. Each cover will be \$1.50 apiece, and they may be obtained through the treasurer, Miss Martha Davis, 1821 Pine street. The speakers will include Norman Hagood, the editor of a well-known magazine, and Miss Anne Martin, president of the Nevada Equal Suffrage Association. The annual meeting of the society will be held at noon, preceding the luncheon. Plans are being completed for a bazaar, to be held some time in February, in the New Century Drawing Room. Among those in charge of this affair are Miss Lida Stokes Adams, chairman; Mrs. Joseph Fela, Miss Hannah P. Miller, Dr. Anna P. Sharpless, Miss Sarah Lourie, Miss Ruth Reeder, Miss Mary Windover, Miss George A. Pieroni, Mrs. A. D. Fleck, Mrs. Scott Nearing, Mrs. William Leverett, Miss Julia Lewis, Miss R. D. Ernst and Mrs. A. D. Williams. Some of the coming attractions are the "Plays and Players," who will give a sketch; a Farmers' Institute, conducted by the Equal Franchise Society, and many well-known speakers.

Plans for the annual "Rabbit" to be held at the Plastic Club, have been discussed at the last few regular meetings. Mrs. Stauffer Oliver is chairman of the committee in charge of this affair, and it has been decided that they will have "An Evening in the Jungles of South Africa," with appropriate costumes, such as birds, animals, plants and all the local color they can get. A play built around the African Jungles will be presented.

Modish Footgear



This is the time of year when the careful woman looks to her carriage boots. No woman can afford to brave the chilly winds with ill-clad ankles, unless she has provided herself with this most necessary attribute to her comfort. The fashionable boot shops show stunning new models in footgear, especially in soft, furry carriage boots. One pair seen recently was a reflection of the popular craze for velvet. They could be had in all shades, and there certainly was variety enough to match any gown. The Roman-shaped top was trimmed with dainty white swansdown, and an arrangement could be made to have Milady's monogram done in lovely hand embroidery on the ankle.

Another style of evening slipper is here, although one would hardly think that there were any more. This particular slipper is made of gold brocade material, with trimmings of antique gold buckles. The straps over the ankle have evidently been found wanting when it comes to keeping Milady's slipper on in the excitement of the strenuous fox-trot, so an additional strap graces the upper part, attached to the counter. The high Louis heel still remains, and it looks particularly charming in brocade materials.

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PUBLIC LEDGER

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